

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO



Life

By Tessa S. Webb

THIS, then, is life . . . of such our dreams
are made:

Eternal reaching out toward some strange
land

To seize the fragile joys with eager
hand—

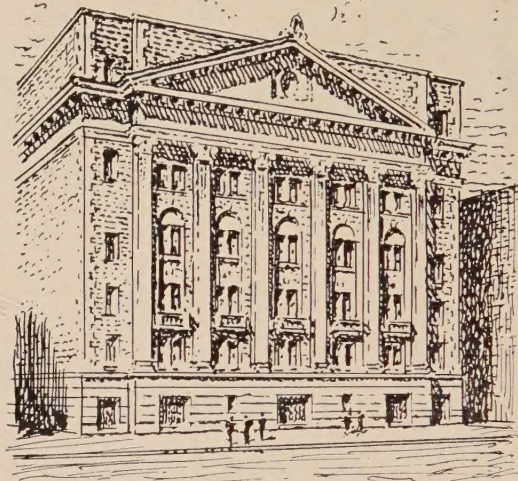
The brief, elusive joys that had betrayed
The questing mind. Through dawns
unafraid

We seek the power that makes a grain of
sand,

Or whirls a star in space at its command,
And find no answer, but are undismayed.

We follow silhouettes: A shadow blur
Upon a cloud; the quiet stabbed by
thunder;

A rainbow bridging space, and lovelier
Than any man-made citadel of wonder.
And as we travel onward, bit by bit,
Our dreams are vain, no doubt, but ex-
quisite.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor



Volume XXII

September, 1945

Number 6

Opening Service 34TH YEAR

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO
941 Lawrence at Sheridan Road

Sunday, September 16th, 1945
11:00 A.M.

REV. PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D.
Pastor

Subject:
"THE DAWN OF A NEW ERA"



Philip Jorgensen will be at the organ and directing
the Peoples Church Choir

Service broadcast by WJJD



Let Us Greet Dr. Bradley With a
Great Congregation



Church School of Religious Education

Opening Sunday, September 16
9:30 a.m.—Jack E. Kolinen, Supt.

"ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE— ELIMINATE THE NEGATIVE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago

EVERYTHING is grist to a preacher's mill. I suppose that there are very few ministers any more who simply go to their studies along about Thursday, open up their Bibles and pick out a text and then sit down and try to write a sermon following all the fine homiletic principles in the construction of a sermon, getting the introduction, then the firstly, secondly and thirdly, all in proper sequence, and then closing effectively with a conclusion, and who then go into the pulpit on Sunday morning and produce a completely rounded gem of sermonic literature. That is all right for the clergyman who hasn't anything else to do between Sundays; he can spend a great deal of time, but the modern clergyman today in the great working Church of the present makes more calls than the average physician—I know I do. I was talking to one of Chicago's fine physicians the other day and he said: "Do you ever visit your sick?" and I told him, "I visit my sick every week. There is hardly a day in my life that I am not in a hospital, or at a sick bed," and he said, "Well, you make more calls than I do," which is true. The busy clergyman today will do more speaking than the average lawyer in his work through the week; he will do more writing than the average editor. The modern clergyman, who is living life at all and trying to keep contacts with what is happening in the world, has not time for the literary confines of the scholastic essays, his sermons must be the bubbling fountains of his life, the overflowing of his soul.

I stood this week four times beside an open casket containing the loved ones of the people I tried to help—in just one week. Since last September I have had more than 117 funerals.

Well, now, when Sunday morning comes around you say to me, "I expect you to be fresh and buoyant and although you had not done one thing," and particularly the kind of person who sometimes says to me, "O, Doctor Bradley, it is so easy for you, all you have to do is to just stand up and words flow from your mouth." O, I wish they knew . . . if there is anybody in this congregation this morning, or listening who would like to trade places with me, see me after the service, I would like you to have a sample of it for just one week, and perhaps you might change your mind.

So, this morning is just another one of those overflowing sermons of my life. I try to pick up things everywhere, from the people I meet, the remarks of the newsboy at the corner, the bus boy, the policeman, the friend. I try to pour everything into these Sunday mornings, so that people will be inspired and helped. That is the kind of preaching I do, I cannot do any other kind. I could go into the discussion of the involved theories of religion as related to the serenity of the spiritual excellencies, and you would just go somewhere else, but I have too much living to do, and so have you, to spend our time in such discussions. Now you know a lot of popular songs are not worth singing, either from the musical point of view or from the standpoint of

what they say. Sometimes, it seems that the more nonsensical and unmusical they are, the more popular they are, and everybody begins to sing them and the radio stations broadcast them and you tune in and hear them about forty times a day, until they become so obnoxious and irritating that you never want to hear them again. That seems to be the history of a lot of popularity. Then this song came along.

I heard it one night in a restaurant and it was on one of those irritating things called a juke box. I don't know why it is, but when I am traveling around, coming in late into a station, or after a meeting or lecture, if I am a little hungry, and drop into some of these little places to eat, I don't know why I am so doomed, but invariably somebody will drop a nickel in one of those monstrosities and the song bangs in my ears, and I suffer, and there is nothing I can do about it. I heard this song first on a juke box: "Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, latch on to the affirmative, don't mess with Mister in-between. You have got to speed joy up to the maximum, bring gloom down to the minimum, have faith, or pandemonium will walk upon the scene. To illustrate my last remark, there is Jonah and the whale, Noah and the Ark; what did they do when everything was so dark? They just said: Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, latch onto the affirmative; don't mess with Mister in-between."

Now I submit to you, ladies and gentlemen, that there is not a preacher in the City of Chicago this morning in any pulpit who is going to preach a better sermon than that. I don't care who it is, including this one. *There* is a philosophy of life for you, and if we could find a way to make that work, develop a technique in which we could accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative, why, we would remake the

world! We would remake ourselves! Most of us never get it quite straightened out, the difference between *the means by which we live*, and *the things for which we live*. Most of us are spending most of our energy on the things by which we live in maintaining our physical mechanistic identity with the world of which we are a part. Now, much of that is necessary. We respect people who build solidly, we respect people who are frugal, we respect people who anticipate demands upon themselves and their resources which time inevitably brings. We respect that kind of person, we cannot help it. All of us are under the imperative that there are certain means by which we live that cannot be denied, but at the same time most of us don't impregnate and saturate and implement the things by which we live with the great fundamental things that make life. The *means* by which we live are emphasized until the things *for which* we live are neglected.

Now, you analyse your own lives as individuals and see how much of that is true. The world is divided pretty largely into two classes of people. One class of people reason that we are all conditioned by heredity and environment; that we are pretty largely what we are because something called "fate" created the pattern, and that we are the accumulations of untold generations that have gone before us until finally the mould is created for us out of the materials of the past and that we come into the life of action, and that we become the repositories and the embodiment of all the contributing forces of untold generations, millions of people, so that when we get our start in life we are already conditioned by limitations. They say we are the victims of our heredities and the victims of our environment, and there is nothing that we can do about it; that we are the results of predetermined forces

that have us in their clutches, and there is no release and no freedom from the tyranny of those who preceded us. That is the negative type of individual.

Then there is the positive type who admits, and admits freely, that there are certain inherited characteristics and qualities that come into our lives and have much to do with height and physical contour, much to do with the physical basis of the structure of the human body, because we do inherit physical tendencies from the past and we do have inclinations that are predetermined by forces over which we have no control. We admit all that, but at the same time the positive individual is the type of individual who refuses to remain the servant of either heredity or environment. He refuses serfdom. He is the individual who carefully studies his limitations. That is the beginning of effective living. He is the individual who makes a survey of his own defects—a very few of us do. How long has it been, in your accustomed attitude of criticizing others and finding fault with everybody, how long has it been since you sat down quietly and all by yourself and said, "I am going to make a list of my own defects." It is quite a refreshing experience, if you are honest, for we will all be amazed how many there are. How long has it been, while we have been interested and expressing ourselves so glibly and frequently in condemnation and criticism of others, what they do, what they say, how they dress—being critical, 90% of the time, about other people. . . . How long has it been since we have dared honestly to be critical with ourselves? How long has it been since we have asked ourselves, "I wonder if the trouble is all outside of me? I wonder if when I get into these difficulties, and problems come sweeping over me . . . I wonder if I have been a contributory factor?"

THE FIRST NECESSARY THING

TO COMPLETE MASTERY OF LIVING LIFE IN TERMS OF PROGRESSIVE CREATIVENESS IN SELF-ANALYSIS! If we are not courageous enough to make that self-analysis, then we will not advance or develop. Self-analysis is not easy, because other people are always ready to do for you. My word! the help you could get on that! Why, almost everyone is ready and willing to tell you what's the matter with you. They tell it to me by the thousands. It is refreshing, I love it, and they are SO willing. Why, even your dearest and best friends are perfectly willing, anytime, to tell you what's the matter with you. But I wonder what it would do if we did eliminate that sort of thing and discover for ourselves what's the matter with us—our own selves? We can. That is the beginning of the elimination of the negative.

Now, science is once more becoming increasingly an ally of intergration of personality. There was a time when the whole scientific attitude and point of view was pretty largely that of dealing with things that have spacial measurements, that is, that could be weighed, measured, and dealt with on the basis of spacial qualities, and had to do principally with that which was very, very tangible, something that you would absolutely, tangibly experience in reality of space formation. No one is more aware of it than the scientist himself, and one of the greatest of all the scientists, that great Doctor Steinmetz, said, in the last hour of his life when he was dying, when a young experimental student stood at his bedside and asked, "Doctor Steinmetz, in the realism of your death—you have just said that you are close to the answer of the mystery—what do you think will be the next great step in the world of science?" Doctor Steinmetz replied "The next great advance will be in the

realm of the mind." He was able to anticipate the new coordination between the physical cosmos and the spiritual propensities of that cosmos as these two converge in the human personality. That was what he anticipated; that we are all amenable to certain physical laws of action and reaction; that we are all composed of millions and millions of cells, over 8 million cells in our brains alone, and statistics prove that we use but 40% of our cell capacity. Between you and me, I think there are some folks who don't get that far, but we have 8,000,000 brain cells and are using but 40% of our mental power. The mind has just started its unfoldment. Science is now recognizing a particular affinity between mental processes, mental attitudes, and the upbuilding of the entire structure of the physical equipment of the individual. That is no longer experimental, that has been affirmed, it has been demonstrated until one of the great advances that I think will be made in the next fifty or one hundred years will be prolonging the life of man until man will probably live between 200 and 300 years longer than he is living now within the next twenty centuries. Man is finally going to awaken to the eternal truth of divine principle, that he is the reflection and the re-broadcasting of the spiritual vitality of the eternal; and man will rise to such heights of mental and spiritual and physical achievement that our little diseased bodies that now are dying at 60 and 70 will be farcical; man will awaken to the great potentiality of spiritual truth! That is in the offing. There will be an advance of the physical world, of the scientific world, for man has not even touched yet electronic energy, and electronic energy localized within the confines of radar experimentation is just beginning to reveal itself and the potentiality of itself. Man will

keep step with the development of electronic energy; he will become a great transformer of electronic dynamics; he will reflect divine intelligence; he will rise above disease, war, poverty; he will come to the moment of his own unfoldment, and all of us could make much greater individual progress toward that self-realization if we would follow the principle of electronics by eliminating resistance of objectives and utilizing an affirmative law of projection. That is the principle and the truth. That's what the song means: "Accentuate the positive, eliminate the negative."

What does "accentuating the positive" mean? Taking a constructive, creative attitude toward any experience, permitting no personality, however ignoble, however hurtful, to affect you, or any experience however devastating, to upset you. No matter what betrayal, what anguish, what heartache you have been compelled to solve by being assaulted with negation, negation in your experiences of life, negation with illness, negation with false friends, negation with failure in business, negation with having the whole physical environment of your life upset and disturbed, recognizing the reality of certain attitudes involved in the negation, but entertaining, individually, toward it all a positive attitude that every experience can be used to the construction of your own personality—that's how you get positive people. I can tell a positive person from a negative person after I have talked two minutes with them. A negative or a positive individual is self-revealing, they cannot cover it up or hide it. The moment there is an attitude expressed, I can detect whether they are positive or negative individuals. And that is why positive individuals are always attractive individuals. I did not say they are always beautiful because

beauty has very little to do with character in this point of view, but positive persons, constructively, basically, translate experience into triumph. People whose heads are bloody but unbowed. They have to face economic tragedy, sorrow and heartaches but they can utilize those experiences for the creation of a positive personality always.

There are other people with vinegar in their veins and arteries who never say one word but what they are finding fault about something, something is the matter, somebody has just done something, something has happened, "O, dear! O, dear!" and they go on helping the whole thing to happen. *WE BUILD A FORTIFICATION AGAINST ANYTHING HAPPENING BY A POSITIVE ATTITUDE! WE PUT UP THE FOUNDATIONS, WE BUILD OUR OWN FORTIFICATIONS, SO THAT THE HEAVENS MAY FALL, THE SUN DROP AND THE MOON TURN TO BLOOD, AND THERE WE STAND LIKE A ROCK, UNTOUCHED, IN THE TEMPEST!* What's that? Positive personality. The individual who can do that has learned how to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative; he has learned the secret of it!

Now, then, I wish I could be the influence in our practical talk this morning, of letting that truth sink into the consciousness of every person listening. Don't harbor the negative, don't let it dwell in you. I have a favorite story, I have told it before, and it is worth repeating, it is a story my father used to tell. He was a countryman, a blacksmith by trade . . . that is the only thing that Mussolini and I

had in common, for Mussolini's father was a blacksmith too . . . my father was a blacksmith, and, of course, being a blacksmith he was familiar with all the farmers around our community and shod all their horses. Sometimes on Sunday afternoon he would talk to my mother, my sister and I for a buggy ride—I should have to explain to some of you what a buggy is—and go out into the countryside around the fields and meet the farmers and stop and have a little visit with them. These are memories of a childhood that I would not have taken out of my life today for anything. I remember one time when the corn and wheat were coming up . . . and I don't know what the farmers are going to do out here in four states where the seeds have rotted and have to be replaced today. If America ever needed food, it does now! We have gone to accentuate the positive and eliminate the negative. We drove up one time to see an old farmer who was leaning on his fence and my father said to him, "Well, Joe, that is a great stand of wheat you have; that's a bumper crop." "Yes, it is a good stand of wheat, but it's going to be awfully hard on the soil." And father looked out to the western sky and there was a lovely sunset. "Joe," he said, "it is going to be a beautiful sunset." "Yes, it is going to be beautiful all right, but it's a weather breeder."

Now, what was Joe? He was not able to eliminate the negative; he could not accentuate the positive. A good crop meant poor land; a beautiful sunset meant a weather breeder.

O, my friends, open up the windows of your lives and your hearts. Be positive, be creative, and the problems and the troubles will clear up. Try it this week, and let me know.



"A Letter from Dr. Bradley to You"

Arden
Tower, Minnesota

Dear Friend:

"Homeward bound" is one of the most beautiful phrases in our language. It means much to me today, for I am "homeward bound." Only a few more days and I will pick up my work in Chicago where I left off last June. The summer of 1945 will leave its imprint on the life of the world. Living at a time when the destiny of man for a thousand years is being formed is a challenge which tries the metal of us all. Never such an hour to live nobly, think courageously, and act constructively. To achieve these opportunities we need the inspiration of our church as never before.

On Sunday, September 16, at 11 o'clock, I will begin my thirty-fourth year as the pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago. My opening subject will be "*The Dawn of a New Era*," and WJJD will broadcast the entire service. Never did I begin another year's work with a deeper sense of responsibility. Never did I covet the ability to help people as I do now. Never was our church more needed, and never was the opportunity greater. Will you help me in this effort? I cannot do it alone. I need you—your presence as often as possible at church—your willingness to assist somewhere actively in the life of the church—your counsel and your prayers.

Will you make every effort to be present at the opening service? If you are a radio friend and cannot be present in person, I would appreciate an encouraging word from you for the opening service. As I walk into my beloved pulpit on our opening Sunday, I shall be disappointed if you are not there.

I will again be assisted by the Peoples Church Choir, under the direction of Mr. Jorgensen. The Church School opens the same Sunday, September 16, at 9:30 A.M.

Let us all rededicate, reconsecrate ourselves to our church, that the year ahead may be the best of all the years we have been together. Your many expressions of help and encouragement are always appreciated; and so, until Sunday morning, September 16, at 11 o'clock, I am

Your pastor and friend,
PRESTON BRADLEY.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY..... Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

I BELIEVE that in spiritual culture and spiritual development, it is quite as necessary to utilize every opportunity of spiritual exercise as it is for a person to become physically strong. No one just HAPPENS to be physically strong. Physical strength is always the result of obedience to a great many laws and a great many opportunities. If any one of us who seek for physical strength were just to sit down and say: "Now, I am going to be strong," we should never be strong; quite the contrary, we would find ourselves becoming weaker and weaker, even though we might wish to be strong with all of our mind. It is perfectly obvious for me to suggest the necessity of activity for the building of physical strength. The muscles of our bodies must be used; they atrophy and die if they are not used. So we believe that in the cultivation and strengthening and developing of the spiritual personality, the spiritual muscularities of life, it is quite as necessary to use those muscles and develop that strength as it is in the physical realm.

I happen to believe not in a God of theological limitations, not a God which is the property of any individual

church, not a God that has been circumscribed and defined by finite scholarship, not a God that is only the sublimation of man, but God in terms of universal, creative energy; God in terms of dominating spiritual sensitiveness, as He works Himself in and through the personality of man; God as a great integrating principle which binds the cosmos together and keeps the stars on their courses, and governs the regularity of the tides of the sea. Not the God of petty limitations of men's minds, nor a sublimated man, as so much of the anthropomorphic conception of God indicates in human thinking, but God who is eternal righteousness, everlasting justice, and eternal mercy. God who is constantly knocking at the door of the human heart. God who is constantly revealing himself in a multiplicity of manifestations, asking that humanity remove the scales of ignorance, superstition and fear from their eyes and see Him in all the brilliant and pristine beauty of his unimpeachable person. Not a God limited by the sophists, in their lack of knowledge and their incapacity of scientific understanding, but a God which can be seen at the end of every tele-

scope and discovered at the front of every microscope; a God in which science and education and intelligence are not in combat. A God which sweeps the majesty of the cosmos and has had no finer preservation or identification than the God of Truth, the God of Eternal Reality, the God that is not amenable to the variations of man, but whose stabilization on a thousand hills companioned by eternal suns has given us a cosmos in which the delegation of free will and man's own potential capacity to develop and expand has created an environment which, if man would give that God his complete cooperation, would build the kingdom of that God upon this earth!

Man, instead, has been content to follow the animus of his own primitive conscientiousness, and inspired by revenge and hate and greed and avarice and graft and corruption and wrong, has despoiled the environment in which God placed him with a contamination that human blood now has been washing away, for it is the contamination by man of the principal scene of the Kingdom of God, polluted and despoiled by man's selfishness and man's greed; and all the time God, from the eternal habitations of His almighty sovereignty, looks down upon us all, asking and begging and pleading with us—we who are left to ourselves, we who have been given intellects, we who have been given hearts, we who have been given ability, we who have been given personality, we who have been given these things—God constantly appealing, constantly asking, constantly trying to win man until man shall have a vision of his own potentiality and rise out of the jail which his own ignorance has erected for him, and into which his own selfishness has damned him, into the superb heights of his own power, his own strength, and his own

beauty, which, when unified in a co-operative way, would bring into expression the Kingdom of God upon our earth.

If I ever lost my faith in the potentiality of the individual, of you, and you, and you, and you—if I ever lost faith in your potentiality to be something finer and better than you are, indeed I should lose faith in God, for it seems to me that a faith in man, which is not predicated on man's capacity and potentiality to develop that faith, would be God mocking man. What are our dreams? What are our hopes? Does God sit somewhere, removed from the actual contacts of humanity, upon some far-off, distant throne looking down upon us, in our tears, our blood, our hate, our poverty, our wrong, our sin, and laugh at us, when up out of that poverty there comes someone with a mind that can conceive a social organism in which poverty will be unnecessary . . . does God laugh at that? Does God look at humanity as I have said before, thirty-three hundred years of war and less than three hundred years of peace . . . does God look at that record of thirty-three centuries of bloodshed, three centuries of peace? And yet the poets, the artists, the musicians, the preachers, have all dreamed, written, produced, spoken, painted, dreams of peace, while many in more difficult professions of intense economic character have likewise envisaged a technique in which to establish a world peace. Is God laughing at us from His eternal habitation today, and is He saying to us, "You poor, poor people, dreaming of peace, dreaming of peace, dreaming of understanding, dreaming of racial tolerance, dreaming of freedom of worship, dreaming of an age without worry; my people don't you know how silly are

your dreams in the past verdict of your own achievements?" And then there comes a voice out of all this and says: "I will build a world; I will build a program of peace; I will plan for an economic sanity; I will work for a social justice in spite of all the failures of the past! I will not despair neither will I give up!" I can hear God say: "Man, of course you can. I was just wondering at your own failure to appreciate the possibilities within yourselves. You have these brains, you have these intellects, you have these hearts, you have these souls, and I knew that you would keep somewhere alert in the vision of your lives the

possibilities of what you really can do when you get the fog out of your thinking and get the scales off from your eyes; you will do better, my children, you will do better."

Man is not a separate entity from God, he is a partner of God. He is a part of the cosmos. Every heart that reads these words is beating in rhythm with the heart of God. And man without God is not only hopeless, he is helpless, and God without man is helpless. God must have the medium in which he can make himself articulate in human society, and that medium is you! Don't underestimate your own potentiality!—P. B.

MY SUMMER NEIGHBORS

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

(This is the conclusion of an article by Dr. Bradley which was begun in the August issue of "The Liberalist.")

MY thirty years of summer living with over a thousand members of the Chippewa tribe have convinced me not only of the origin of our American Indian, but also of his possibilities as a racial unit within the polyglot structure of our American pattern. I have watched them steadily and carefully all of these years and in spite of the work of government agencies, educational setups and other efforts being made, the general observation is that the Indian's difficulty is one of assimilation for, left to himself, he copies the white man, imitates him, and as in most imitations, there is a tendency to embrace the lesser and weaker characteristics. In general the race has declined after contact with Europeans. Some North American tribes have become completely extinct, some have shrunk, lost their identity and emerged. Some have more or less held their own and a few, like the Navajo, have increased.

In the United States most tribes began slowly to increase about 1910, and in many tribes there has been an infusion of white and sometimes of negro blood. Except in the Southwest, it may be said that even those tribes that remained as numerous as originally, are so only with the inclusion of alien blood. Socially the mixed bloods generally are Indians. Of this population of pure and mixed blood there remains probably not quite half a million in the United States and Canada. Mexico is estimated to be about one-third pure Indian and more than another third part Indian.

There is no native documented history of the American Indian except for the Aztec and the Maya. The great bulk of the tribes possessed neither time systems nor writing, and left only legendary traditions. These usually possess limited authenticity. In the main, the history of the tribes is a history of their contacts with Cau-

casians. Our own history here in the United States of our relationships to the American Indian undeniably creates a responsibility upon us which I am quite sure we have not met as we ought to have done. That it is not too late is an encouraging thought.

A few summers ago I was honored by being made a member of the Chippewa tribe in a three-day ceremony held on the shores of beautiful Lake Vermilion. My Indian neighbors gave to me the Indian name "Missiwegwaneb," in a ceremony performed by the old Chief Good Day, who must be over 100 years old and is now blind. My Indian name in the Chippewa language means "Feathers From All the Birds," an effort on the part of my summer neighbors to give me an appropriate name which would describe my respect and tolerance for the people of every faith and creed and race.

Being adopted into an Indian tribe is never treated lightly by the Indians themselves and it is an honor which they never confer and never give freely. In fact, it is literally not given at all. After you have been selected by the tribe you must purchase the honor in the ceremony by, at the proper time, presenting a blanket and tobacco. That they consider it a serious matter and that you really by adoption become an Indian is affirmed in my experience by the fact that hardly a week passes that I do not hear from some of my summer neighbors.

My advice is being constantly sought, my cooperation is being asked in their educational matters in which the children of the reservation are involved, and I have been invited to go to Washington to consult with the Department on Indian affairs.

The record which their young men are making in this war is one which most Americans know little about and

yet is one of which they can well be proud and which we can admire. In 1918, just before Germany surrendered, General Karl Von Preutsch said of the American Indian, "He is the most dangerous American soldier; an army within himself; the one American soldier Germany must fear." In this war 18,000 of them went to every battle front, to war plants, to lumber camps, on farms, cattle ranches and railroads, behind desks and back home on reservations.

The remainder of the 400,000 American Indians have done an admirable full-time job for Victory. Almost as one man Navajos, Hopis, Menominees, Crees, Mission Indians, Crows, Iroquois and a hundred other tribes ranged themselves on our side in the great fight, and in some of these tribes as high as 70% of the able-bodied men between the ages of 18 and 38 are in the service, most of them volunteers, while, a few hours after Pearl Harbor, for the first time in half a century, 2,000 Sioux tribesmen danced the Sun Dance and pledged a fight to the death.

In the northeast, the six nations of the Iroquois Confederacy unsheathed ancient tomahawks for their own traditional war dances. Incensed Navajos saddled their ponies, filled their saddle-bags with food and ammunition, cleaned and oiled their rifles, and rode into Gallup, New Mexico and wanted to start shooting then and there. Three thousand California Indians from 30 reservations, for almost a century at odds with the Federal Government, immediately pledged to the President "Loyalty and readiness to serve our great nation." Indians from the village of Santa Ana left their huts and stole secretly into their ancient shrine. There in the long-abandoned home of their ancient ancestors, the entire

pueblo remained praying for the people of the world for one unbroken month of religious devotion. In 1943 they bought more than \$2,000,000 worth of war bonds. They turned in more than enough steel and iron scrap to give their 18,000 front-line warriors plenty of ammunition.

Red Cross and other drives have brought contributions in the millions from oil-rich Oklahoma Indians, and such responses as that of the Alaskan village of Kipnut, which gave its all—eight mink skins, one weasel skin, and \$16.50 left over from the hunting season! From over 200 Indian reservations over a period of twelve months, Uncle Sam received steel and iron to make 6,211 aerial bombs, and enough brass for 166,500 thirty-caliber cartridges; lead enough for two million bullets; aluminum for two pursuit-planes, and a thousand stories could be told of women who walked for miles to buy a 25-cent war stamp, a boy who froze to death while trekking a hundred-mile mid-winter trail to a recruiting station—another who walked and hitch-hiked 668 miles to join the marines. This is the spirit of today's American Indians.

Most intriguing of all the stories about the home contributions of Indians to our war strength is that of Mrs. Rose Daniels, an 89-year-old Navajo woman on the Unitah-Ouray Reservation in Utah. "This aged woman," says Commissioner John Collier of the United States Indian Service, "did her bit on the food front by contributing the seeds for a new variety of lima beans—the only variety yet known to grow satisfactorily in high, dry country. All her life she has been an enthusiastic and painstaking gardener. A few years ago a representative of the Horticultural Field Station at Cheyenne visited the old Indian woman and looked over her array of

seeds. Remaining in one seed can were just three lima beans. The scientists wrapped these carefully and took them to the experiment station, and from this small beginning was finally produced a new variety which was placed on the market for the first time in 1943, and which is especially adapted to the short growing-season of eastern Utah, Wyoming and South Dakota.

When the Jap fleet headed toward Midway, the U. S. Air Force in Hawaii was commanded by an Osage reservation cowboy, who took to the air in the lead plane of a bombing squadron spearheading the attack and riding herd on the Japs all day until his gas gave out and his plane plunged into the ocean. His body never was found. The story of Tinker has grown into a legend among the Osages and other tribes who believe his spirit will bring justice to the Indian at the end of the trail.

The American Indian won't bury the tomahawk until the final pipe of peace is smoked, and when the triumphant braves return to their villages they will find the Great White Father hasn't forgotten. Their loyalty will be rewarded. Uncle Sam has never been proud of the way he sometimes treated the Indian. In 1934, when Mussolini picked on Ethiopia, he answered American protests by shouting "It is no worse than your treatment of the Indians." Unlike the Fascists, though, we recognize and dislike injustice even our own. We tried and are trying to do something about it. As far back as 1924, Congress conferred full citizenship on all American Indians. Over thousands of former desert-acres in Gila and Colorado River Reservations the War Relocation Authority settled a quarter of a million West Coast Japs for the duration. Barracks, drainage ditches, canals and modern irrigation helped turn the desert into desirable farm land. Local Indians did a lot

of the labor and learned new skills and ways of getting things done. When the smoke of battle has cleared away these Japs will leave and perhaps go all the way back to Japan, and that part of Arizona will go back to the Indians, complete with modern improvements for native Americans.

In war plants and lumber camps, on farms, cattle ranches and railroads, behind desks and back home on the reservations, 400,000 American Indians are

doing their part well. The return of improved lands, the use of modern skills, learned on war projects and in war plants, and finally a closer contact with the white man's way of living, will weigh heavily and favorably in the post-war picture of the American Indian.

As an adopted member of the Chipewewa tribe, I salute the Indians everywhere and on the outposts of our nation.



BOOK CHATS

I AM first going to tell you about a book of poems written by the mother of a brave marine son, *Sergeant Ray M. Hallbauer*, who, on June 29, 1944, in true military tradition, gave his life in the performance of his duty and in the service of his country. Ever since Ray was born, his mother has been writing an occasional poem about him, and now a beautifully printed book of 40 poems, entitled "Nor All My Tears," is to be a permanent memorial to him. The author is a well known personality in radio: She is Mrs. Laurette Hallbauer, but professionally known by us all in radio and by many listeners as Lorraine Hall. On December 12, 1941, shortly after Pearl Harbor, Lorraine Hall was appointed Chicago's Mother of the Marines.

Sgt. Ray M. Hallbauer was brought up, as his mother tells us, in the typical American tradition. He was gay and proud and courageous and loyal—a born soldier. He loved life, but he loved his country more. Like every boy, he was interested in guns, and at the age of six received his first B-B

gun. He graduated from the lower school of Morgan Park Military Academy and won four medals for marksmanship before he was twelve years old. He was graduated from New Trier High School in Winnetka, Illinois and took a job for the summer, but war was in the air and he did not want to attend college; he wanted to join the Marines. Ray was too young to join without parental consent, and he persuaded his mother to sign the necessary papers. On November 10, 1941, he became a Reserve in the United States Marine Corps. After boot training he was stationed at Lambert Field in St. Louis, Mo., but wanted to get into action and transferred to aerial gunnery. In June, 1943, he was graduated from advanced gunnery at Jacksonville, Florida, and in April, 1944, he went overseas. He lost his life on the 29th of June, 1944; but his laughter, his youth, his courage live on in the memory of all who knew and loved him and in the hearts of all his comrades.

Lorraine Hall has expressed in the foreword the reason for this lovely and

beautiful book. "Because every mother knows what it means to have a little hand placed trustingly in hers; because every father enjoys the companionship of a son; because every child has laughed with another in gay abandon; because every girl meets a boy; because every lad knows the meaning of fellowship; because every home in America in some way or another has been touched by war; because the youth of America spells honor and laughter and courage; because of all this, and for every one who has ever loved a boy, this book is published." And she dedicates the book "To my mother, who loved him too." All the proceeds of this book are being donated to the Marine Corps League Rehabilitation Fund, in his memory by his mother, the author of the poems.

There is a plaque dedicated to Ray on the corner of Howard Street and Hoyne Avenue, here in Chicago, and in spite of a blizzard at the time, over 200 of his friends gathered for that dedication, which was also honored by the presence of Col. Fordney, well known to all marines throughout the world. I'm just going to give you two of the poems. Here is one I like:

He looked so youthful standing there,
In his uniform so bright,
Proud because this was the day
Of his first solo flight.

My heart stood still—I dared not cry,
While there my life was standing—
"Good luck, my son," I smiled at him,
"Good luck, and happy landing."

Away he flew, far out of sight,
So young, so brave, so full of mirth,
I knew my heart would never beat
Until he safely came to earth.

But then one day he flew too far,
A Higher Force commanding—

My broken heart just echoes this:
"Good luck, son, happy landing."

On June 29, 1944, when the message came, she wrote this:

"‘Telegram, ma’am,’ was all he said.
I felt my heart cease beating—
‘It can’t be so’ and ‘Why, oh, why?’
I heard myself repeating.
‘We regret’ and ‘line of duty’—
Words that eat like cancer—
I wonder if, as years go by,
I will ever learn the answer."

* * *

During the past winter I gave a broadcast about the four chaplains (one a Catholic, one Jewish and two Protestants) who lost their lives on the "Dorchester" that dark Friday night, 90 miles off the coast of Greenland, and that particular broadcast has been asked for by more listeners than any other. One of the men who perished that night was Chaplain Clark Poling, the son of the great Dr. Daniel Poling, known throughout the world for his work with young people, and pastor of the great Temple Church in Philadelphia.

The book which I now call to your attention is a book which Dr. Poling, the father, wrote to the two children of his son, Clark, and which is called "Your Daddy Did Not Die." When this book came to my study desk I laid it on my bedside reading stand, and that night when I retired, I picked it up, thinking I would take a glance at it and then put it down for another book in which I was deeply interested. I did lay it aside that evening, but only after I had read every word of it. I wish I were a philanthropist. I would put a copy of this book into every home in all this blessed land of ours. I wish every father and mother who has sons in the service and all those

who have lost sons could have this book. I know of nothing quite like it.

Dr. Dan Poling was in London when he received the final word from the War Department, that his son, Chaplain Clark Poling, was lost in action. The letter which Dr. Poling wrote to his grandson, has lengthened, until this book is the result.

The family called this little grandson "Corky," and the book is dedicated to "Betty, mother of 'Corky' and Susan, wife of Chaplain Clark Poling." Mrs. Poling had met Clark when he was a senior at Yale Divinity School and she was a student at Temple University. They were introduced by his father, and after the Chaplain's heroic death, his father, Dr. Poling, wrote a letter in which he used the phrase "Your Daddy Did Not Die." This letter was mailed to the Chaplain's wife, and it was at her request that the letter was expanded into a book. She went to New York, took the manuscript to Greenberg—The Publisher, and now we have this inspiring, noble book. Betty Poling, wife of the Chaplain, said, "I'd be a traitor to everything my husband and I believed in if I should go around with a long face. I am trying to carry on some of his work; to manage things for myself and the children in the way he would like. Without Christian faith I couldn't have come through. I didn't know it was so strong until things happened. Now I cannot understand how other young people get along without this faith. She had been married four years to the Rev. Clark Poling who was only 33 and minister of the First Reformed Church of Schenectady, when he got leave of absence and set forth on a dangerous voyage with a bleak assignment on the troop and cargo ship "Dorchester," and the rest of the story we all know. We can see them, across

the miles tonight, clasping hands and praying together — the Protestants, Catholic and Jew—as the ship plunged into the icy ocean.

When the telegram came on that blustery, winter day, she was at home in the little Manse, with their son, Clark, Jr., working on a layette for another little baby that would never see her father. "My husband and I had steeled ourselves for the possibility that this might happen," Mrs. Poling said. We talked everything out. We had definite ideas about bringing up children and what things were worthwhile in a family. It was his idea that if he should not come back, I would have our plan. Behind us was happiness that was just wonderful—just about as perfect as happiness could be. In our church work we were doing the only things we wanted to do. We had lovely plans for the future. The plan to do these things together is a closed door now." And the young widow is going about her work, keeping house and a garden, has a daily radio hour, does her housework and keeps immersed in church activity about which her husband was so enthusiastic. Chief of these is the Character Research Project, which provides free psychological analysis for children 3 to 16. "We try to get parents not to expect perfection. Not to create problems for their children," she said, was the basis of her work in character research.

"Your Daddy Did Not Die," is a book telling the story of the childhood, boyhood and early manhood of a great soul. The story begun for the little boy, Corky, but completed for Corky and his baby sister, Susan, who came afterwards, is a story told so beautifully and simply, that when they are both able to read it, it will constitute a noble tribute to their father and give them a true conception of his greatness and heroism. While it was written in

a dark moment for Dr. Poling, it has no gloom, no complaint, no cynicism, no despondency. It is quite the contrary—a message of hope and of faith. All of our Chicago bookstores and department store bookshops have copies, and when you are out shopping stop in and look at one and you will see what a beautiful message it conveys. It bears the hope that it may have a message for other Corky's and Susan's, and all little children who may never remember their father when this ghastly reign of sorrow and death is over. It is a humble tribute to all those youthful, radiant lives, who have given, and yet will give, that last full measure,

in order that freedom and justice, mercy and the hope of man's brotherhood in God's fatherhood shall not be destroyed.

When General Lord met Dr. Poling just after the Doctor had received the final message from our government, he saluted Dr. Poling, and quietly and graciously he said to him words that will long be remembered, when we record the utterances of this hour, and the valiant deeds which have been done by brave men and women. Said General Lord to Dr. Poling, the author of our book: "Sir, there would be, I think, one thing harder for you than giving a son—not having a son to give."



The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

My Dear Friends:

EVER since the first news of a possible Japanese surrender we had waited alert—anxious—hopeful—prayerful—all mingled with smouldering excitement in our hearts—as hours on end our radio was tuned in and some one of our household "listened in" ready to call the rest of us the moment anything important started coming in, fearing lest we miss hearing the supreme announcement—not we alone—nor the United States—or England or China—but the whole world was waiting to hear!

And now *The Day* has come—the greatest day the world has ever known since history began:

The late afternoon had grown cool, and the grate fire was lighted. Our little group of nine, (relatives, friends, and our own family of three), sat be-

fore it, expectant, tense, quiet, solemn—the only sound was the voice which came from the radio, and crackling logs on the fire lighted the room as shadows deepened about us. At long last the news came—"The War is Over!" We listened to Prime Minister Attlee's announcement to the waiting world, and to other announcements over NBC. Then at the first note of our National Anthem we all stood—our arms around each other, and there was not a dry eye among us—the pent-up emotion—the fears and hopes and anxiety were melted away by the tears that rolled down our cheeks!

Then we began talking of many things—of the boys in our Church who will be coming home—of the joy of their families at this moment—and of the boys who will not be coming back and the sorrow of their loved ones—

and of other countries—and of people here and there that we know. One of our group, I am sure, had thoughts traveling far from that firelighted room, far indeed from the shores of this little island, for he (a cousin of mine) returned only two weeks ago after three years overseas, and came up here last Sunday to spend two weeks with us. He had been noticeably silent throughout the day and since the great news had come over the air had spoken not a word. We all wondered what he was thinking. Finally, in a pause in our conversation, my husband said, "How about it, George?" And he replied, "I am thinking—of—those little white crosses—over there." We sat quietly for a few minutes, paying individually our tribute to the thought his remark suggested.

Then I lighted many candles, making the room quite brilliant. We do this on special occasions—and *this* was *very* special. As we gathered around the table for our belated evening meal, I noticed through the large landscape window the western sky still held the golden afterglow of what had been a gorgeous sunset, seemingly the elements responding to this magnificent hour of Peace.

This morning a message came asking Dr. Bradley to hold a Victory Thanksgiving Service in the Presbyterian Church of Tower tonight. This he was very happy to do—impossible as it was to be in our own church for such a service. We were all glad of the opportunity to unite with the people of the community in an expression of gratitude and great thankfulness that this frightful war had ended. The lovely little white church was filled with people, nearly all of whom had loved ones in uniform, and some whose husbands or sons had paid the supreme price. It would be quite impossible to find words to express the texture of the

spirit and atmosphere of that meeting.

The service opened with a prayer by Rev. E. H. Bull, beloved Pastor-Emeritus of the church. Our own Mary Clarke, who sings in the Peoples Church choir, being with us, sang, "It's Quiet Down Here" and "The Prayer Perfect." We thought her voice never more beautiful—her whole heart was in it. And Jim never read better the aviator's poem, "High Flight." Dr. Bradley seemed inspired in his address. Afterwards many expressed the wish the *world* might have heard it! No one who attended that beautiful, simple, sincere service will ever forget it. At the close the congregation sang "America." Earlier "The Star-Spangled Banner" had been sung.

I did not feel I could go to bed tonight without writing this to you, for I am quite certain our church and radio friends will like to know how we spent these two days that will live forever in memory as well as in history. As our own household quiets down after all the emotional excitement of the past few days, almost robbing us of sleep, I am thinking of the mothers and wives who will be able to rest tonight without a haunting fear of what bombs might do before dawn. And little children will learn to laugh again, and play where battles have been fought, and men have died! When morning comes it *will* be a new day—stupendous thought—a new day for *the world—a World at Peace!* Let us dedicate ourselves to keeping it so! —*Peace!*—

With this thought I will close now, without looking into the mail-bag till next time, and then I will be chatting with you from my desk in the study in Chicago. So until then—Keep—on—the—Beam!

"Arden"

Lake Vermilion

Aug. 15th

PROFIT AND LOSS

By John Oxenham

Profit?—Loss?
Who shall declare this good—that ill?—
When good and ill so intertwine
But to fulfill the vast design
Of an Omniscient Will?—
When seeming gain but turns to loss—
When earthly treasure proves but dross—
And what seemed loss but turns again
To high, eternal gain?

Wisest the man who does his best,
And leaves the rest
To Him who counts not deeds alone,
But sees the root, the flower, the fruit,
And calls them one.

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's "1000 Quotable Poems.")

From Dr. Bradley's Book "My Daily Strength"

MY SELF-CREATED LIMITATIONS

We continually face the tragedy of being tremendously and vitally influenced by external conditions that create an increasing challenge to successful and victorious living.

When externals have done all that externals can do in influencing an individual into defeat, and despair, cynicism and a sense of frustration, there is nothing left for him except to draw upon those reserves which belong exclusively to the inner achievement of his own inner self.

We are grateful that there are no barriers in the way of the realization of our unity with Thee. We are grateful that the storms are not severe enough, and that none of the physical interferences of earth are sufficiently powerful to keep our spirits from seeking that opportunity by which we can experience those relationships which make life so triumphant.

Help us that we may not be tyrannized by everything which happens, until our hearts are crushed into inactivity and despair instead of being transformed into victory. May we realize that the limitations have been largely created by ourselves which keep us from the finest fruition of the human spirit.

YOUR BAZAAR

Perhaps you are just talking about it as yet, but if you are, let it be forceful talking, with definite plans to back up the words, or the part you play and the place you are to fill may turn out to be a weak spot in the design. To be sure it's only September, but this is a different September, likewise October and November and then the Bazaar opens! Will your work and your special job be finished and ready to be sold? In October and November all the other club activities are in full swing. That is why September is a perfect month for getting that article bought or made which you intend to donate.

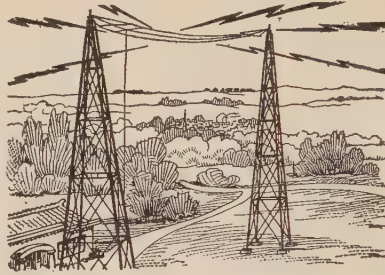
Seriously, this year is, without exaggeration, the most difficult one to be faced. Why? Because materials of many kinds are scarce—linens for those who do fancy needlework, and sugar and fruit for canning and preserving are all scarce this year, so shopping will be difficult.

I am counting on each and every member and friend of the church to do something for our Annual Bazaar. Please do not fail me, as we count on the returns from our Bazaar each year to help carry the financial load of our Church.

Sincerely,

Your Friend and Pastor,

PRESTON BRADLEY.



Dr. Bradley's Radio Schedule

September 2nd and 9th, 11:00 a.m.—WJJD—15-minute sermon

OPENING SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 16

Every Sunday—11:00 a.m.—WJJD

Entire service of Peoples Church Broadcast

OPENING THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20

Every Thursday, 7:30 to 8:00 p.m.—WGNB (FM)—“Off Your Bookshelf”

OPENING MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24

Every weekday, Monday through Friday, 6:00 p.m.—WGN

Summer Address of

Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley Tower, Minnesota

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

Have you changed your address? The church office would greatly appreciate your cooperation in keeping its mailing list up to date. There are other changes, too, such as the change of name when a marriage occurs. Sometimes mail goes astray because Miss So-and-So presumes of course that the church office knows all about it when she marries and becomes Mrs. So-and-So and changes her address. Kindly cooperate and keep the record straight. Thank you!

May H. Harrison, Secretary, The Peoples Church.
941 Lawrence Ave., Chicago 40, Ill.

AN APPROPRIATE GIFT

WE can think of no finer gift for a friend, a relative or a neighbor, than one which will remind them of your love every month in the year.

Our Liberalist is such a gift. We are trying to make this a most vital and inspiring church magazine. Every number contains a sermon by Dr. Bradley and special articles of interest and inspiration. All of the activities of the Church are emphasized. Every month there is an interesting department which Dr. Bradley writes, called "Book Chats." There are also editorials, stories and articles, Book Reviews, and one of the most interesting features is the Radio Mail Bag in which Mrs. Bradley every month

gleans from the heavy radio mail inspiring comments to pass on to readers.

If you desire to send this magazine to a friend and will send \$1.50 to Mrs. Thomas A. Harrison, Subscription Manager, Peoples Church, 941 Lawrence Avenue, we will send a Card announcing your gift. The magazine is now in its twenty-first year of publication, and goes all over the United States and to many foreign lands. Why not send your \$1.50 today? It will come regularly every month. No one connected with the publication receives any compensation and all funds above the cost of production go directly to the Treasury of the Peoples Church to help our financial problem. Please subscribe.

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THE UPTOWN PLAYERS

Center of Allied Arts

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director

1219 N. LaSalle Street

Whitehall 5257

* * *

The Uptown Players Center will be closed for the summer months of July and August, opening for registration of Fall Classes September 10th.

Opening Fall Production—"PORT OF CHICAGO"

Opening Night, September 28th

Opening Drama Tea—"Port of Chicago"

J. Bradley-Griffin, in Recital

Inquiries are being received continually about the classes at the Uptown Players Center, and although scores of pupils of all ages are receiving instruction in the many branches of the arts, we find that many still do not know what the Center has to offer.

Foremost, of course, are the adult classes held two evenings a week under the direction of J. Bradley-Griffin, and although many advanced pupils attend, beginners find no difficulty in adjusting themselves to these groups. A "Teen Age" class is conducted each Thursday afternoon at 4:00, and voice, diction, coordination, and play production are given. Children's classes, and the Children's Theater, are taught on Saturdays, and plays given throughout the year.

Radio, of course, is a popular subject, and classes are held in the many phases of this technique in the Center's fully equipped radio room. The Players are fortunate in being able to present a class in Costume Design under the direction of a professional rapidly gaining distinction in this field. Instruction may also be had in play writing, music, and art.

The faculty the past season has consisted of such well known artists as J. Bradley-Griffin, Alice Gerstenberg, Barbara Wahl, Roberta Slagle, Richard Thorne, Dolores Meyer, Marvyn Harbert, and Philip Jorgensen, and most of these will again take up their work in our studios when the new season opens in September.

Those interested are invited to visit our classes, and are welcome at any time.

ROBERTA SLAGLE.

Honor Roll

Adams, Franklyn
 Adams, LeRoy
 Allen, Robert George, Ens.
 *Anderson, Frank
 Anderson, Harold
 Anderson, Norman P.
 Andrey, G.
 Arms, George F., Stf. Sgt.
 Arnopol, Richard Arthur
 Ball, Kenneth R.
 Bartlett, Tommy
 Baumann, Robert
 Berglund, William
 Berhalter, Howard
 Blue, Lloyd, Jr.
 Blue, Wayne P.
 Bluhm, Arthur
 Bluhm, Ben C.
 Bluhm, Herbert, Major
 Boaz, Charles
 Bower, Clyde F.
 Brosious, Donald W.
 Brosious, Edward P.
 Buchanan, James W., Sgt.
 Bunn, Robert R.
 Burkhard, Gordon Robert
 Byron, R. B.
 Cappelli, Mario, Jr., Lt.
 Carlsen, Howard
 Carlton, Rosalie M.
 Christ, Frank G.
 Code, James
 *Crane, Charles C.
 Czuzort, James T.
 Dahlstrom, Gordon R.
 DeWees, William Robert
 Droth, Betty
 DuMont, Harry
 Dwinell, Robert M.
 Eddy, George G., Jr.
 Edlhart, Marvin I.
 Eldred, Robert L., Lt.
 Elya, Verl
 Eronson, Frans
 Estal, Wendel, Cpl.
 Ettelson, David
 Etter, John T., Jr., Lt.
 Faulkner, Donald G., Cpt.
 Felch, George
 Fishman, Carl Leonard
 *Formanek, George, Jr., Lt.
 Fortuin, George J.
 Fulton, Robert Harry
 Fuss, Charles, Cpl.
 Fuss, June
 Freitag, George
 Freitag, John L.
 Garner, William C.
 Gau, William R.
 Goll, Robert E.
 Goetz, Fred H., Jr.
 Gray, Harry S.
 Gregg, Noel Dudley
 Gregg, Robert D.
 Haban, Andrew, Cpt.
 Hagen, John H.
 Hangel, Robert L.
 Hannum, Robert
 Hansen, Harold E.
 Hansen, Robert J.
 Harbert, Marvyn F.
 Harling, Robert, Sgt.
 Heg, Winslow
 *Killed in action.

Henderson, Tom
 Henderson, William
 Hendrich, John
 Henning, Anne E.
 Hobbs, William F., Sgt.
 Hoots, Harold W., Cpl.
 Hurley, Betty Best
 Hurley, William R., Sgt.
 Ingersoll, Harold
 Johannes, Henry C., Dr.
 Johansson, Eileen
 Johnson, Lawrence
 Jones, Lincoln H.
 Kastner, Howard H.
 Kemper, Calvin C.
 Kiltz, Elwood E.
 Klingler, Lambert H.
 Klippel, Winifred
 Kokoefer, E.
 Kosner, James, Cpl.
 Kramer, Hans
 Kredler, Arthur J., Jr.
 Kredler, Stanley
 Kreutzer, Fred H., Lt.
 Kruskopf, George E.
 Langley, Philip
 Lantz, Huber C., Cpl.
 LaPointe, J. C.
 Larsen, Vincent William
 Lauletta, June Blair
 Lawson, Roy O., Sgt.
 Leffler, Ruth
 Lehnert, William A.
 Lichtenebert, Rudolph
 Maddox, Don, Cpl.
 Marsh, Carlton H., Lt.
 Mason, Frank J.
 McCord, Sarah Parks
 Merrick, Jay
 Merrill, Leslie
 Meyer, James H., Capt.
 Meyer, Kurt
 Meyer, Robert H.
 Miles, Mark Alan
 Miller, Harold R.
 Miller, John M.
 Miller, Richard
 Miller, Richard B.
 Miller, Roger
 Molzahn, W. A.
 Moore, Florence M.
 Moran, Walter
 Mostek, Raymond
 Murphy, Robert J.
 Myers, William V., Sgt.
 Needham, Daniel Arthur
 Nelson, Harry G.
 Nelson, Howard C.
 Nonnenbruch, Edw. W., Cpt.
 Norris, Donald J.
 Novotny, Anton
 Oldenburg, Forrest A.
 Olson, Robert
 *Osterberg, Robert
 Paige, Charles
 Palmer, Earl
 Palo, Alfred C.
 Palo, Clarence W.
 Palo, Douglas L.
 Parlette, William H.
 Paschal, Edward
 Perfumo, Leo A.
 Pfaff, Henry, Jr.
 Philbrick, Betty

Phillips, James E.
 Phillips, Jim
 Plumley, Robert
 Plummer, Pauline M.,
 R.N., 2nd Lt.
 Poquette, Robert E.
 Post, Clee S., Sgt.
 Proud, Kurt, Lt.
 Quesnall, Arthur
 *Randall, Tabor Charles
 Replogle, Jacob Estes
 Riley, Lester G.
 Roof, James H.
 Rowley, L. C.
 Rowley, Yale W.
 Salamon, Rudolph E.
 Sauser, Martin
 Sauser, William
 Schneller, James, Sgt.
 Schnorr, Robert K.
 Scholler, Robert W., Ens.
 Schroeder, William
 Schulten, Marjorie, Lt.
 Schumacher, Arthur
 *Sexton, Walter Scott
 Shoberg, J. Bryant
 Shurman, Frank M.
 Sipe, Clinton R.
 Smith, Donald Seth
 Smith, George John
 Stippe, Robert C.
 Strand, Philip R.
 Strand, Richard P.
 Sweet, Mary Louise
 *Taylor, Alfred
 Terry, Duane R.
 Thomas, Theodore Gaillard
 Thompson, Jean
 Tilles, Marie
 *Tinling, H. John
 Toepfer, Arthur E.
 Vespermann, Bruce W.
 Victorin, James R.
 Voigtritter, Carl W.
 Wagner, Foster
 Walker, Leslie J.
 Walska, Charles
 Walters, William James
 Weeger, Robert
 Wegner, Gerhard
 Weinberg, Sidney
 Wendland, Robert John
 Wenger, William J.
 Wentz, Howard, Cpl.
 Wesche, Charles, Jr.
 Wesche, Orville
 White, George A.
 *Widener, Virgil Drew
 Wiederer, Elmer Michael
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 Willeumier, Mary
 Williams, Arthur J.
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 Woods, James W., Jr.
 Woods, Tom Lee
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 York, Carroll D., Cpt.
 Yous, Donald, Cpt.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD).....11:00 a.m.

Fifteen-minute sermon by Dr. Bradley by electrical
transcription September 2nd and 9th.

Opening Sunday morning Service—September 16th

Entire service broadcast by WJJD

Dr. Bradley will begin his 34th Season as

Pastor of The Peoples Church

SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Re-opens First Sunday in

November) 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION—Ander-

son Hall 9:30 a.m.

Opening Sunday, September 16th

Jack E. Kolinen, Superintendent

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES (Re-open First

Wednesday in November).....8:00 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSALS—Every Thursday evening—Church

Auditorium 7:30 p.m.

Opening rehearsal, September 13th

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1252 Glenlake Avenue—Briargate 5308

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB

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Avenue—Briargate 6914

MEN'S CLUB—Secretary, J. A. Ericksen, 2223 W. Eastwood Avenue

USHERS' CLUB—

Secretary, William Emrich, 949 Lawrence Avenue, Ard. 0983

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—

J. Bradley-Griffin, Director; Mary Clarke, Sec.-Treas. The Uptown
Players Center, 1219 N. LaSalle St., Whitehall 5257. (See
Special Schedule, page 22 of this issue.)

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THE PEOPLES CHURCH, Lawrence Ave., at Sheridan Rd.

Time of Service 11:00 A.M.

Affiliated with: American Unitarian Association, Boston; Western Unitarian Conference, Chicago

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